THE

Fifteen Comforts

OF

Cuckoldom.

Written by a noted Cuckold in the New-Exchange *in the* Strand.

Printed in the Year 1706.

To the Reader.

THE Town being diverted of late with a great many Comforts, several of the Gentlemen and others of the cornuted Society belonging to Horn-Fair not thinking those Comforts compleat without them of Cuckoldom, they requested me to undertake the Performance thereof, as having had some experience for many Years in Wives cokesing their Husbands in the very Moment they design'd to put a pair of Antlers on their Heads for fear of being gor'd by their Neighbours, whilst other good Wives are as often Picking their Husbands Pockets to pay now and then for a By-Blow: I have experienced those kind Wives too who are commonly upon the religious Point of going to Lecture when alas they had no other Business at Church than to meet their Gallants, who presently coaches 'em, because they dare not lowe Jolting. But for Brevity passing the several Dispositions of Men's Wives, as such as are Melancholly many Times for Delay or Defeat, whilst others are preparing to make their Markets at the Play-house or Spring-Garden; or else to the Bath, when Bathing is the least part of their Errand, I shall draw to the Comforts which we enjoy by our Wives good Nature to others, which to their Fancies is as sweet as Muskadine and Eggs.

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The Fifteen Comforts, &c.

The first Comfort of Cuckoldom.

AS I last Night in Bed lay Snoring,
I sweetly dreamt of Drinking and of Whoring,
Which waking me from a most pleasant Sleep,
To my dear Wife I very close did creep,
And offering to give her what I shou'd,
Quoth she, you Fumbler you can do no good,
Give me the Man that never claps his Wings,
But always Life and Courage with him brings,
'Tis such an one wou'd please; but as for you
If Night and Morning some small matter do;
You think you've done your due Benevolence,
When I with thrice your Labour can dispence.
This Reprimand my Courage soon did cool,
And fearing Combing with a Three-Legg'd-Stool;
I very fairly went to Sleep again,
And left her of my Manhood to complain.

The Second Comfort of Cuckoldom.

NO sooner had I chang'd my single Life,
And had confin'd my Carcass to a Wife;
But she was always Gadding up and down,
To take the various Pleasures of the Town;
However I only reckon'd this to be,
The airy Frisks of her Minority,
Till shortly finding and old Hag wou'd pay
Her Visits oft, and take her Day by Day
Aside, indeed this gave me some Mistrust,
That this old weather beaten Devil must
Be some Procurer, and resolv'd to watch
Their Waters, where shou'd I the Bitches catch,
But in a Bowdy-house in *Milford-lane*?
So going in a Passion home again,

At twelve at Night my Doxie likewiſe came,
Whom I in mod'rate Terms began to blame;
Telling her that old Witch with whom ſhe went,
Abroad a Days by Rogues was only ſent
About to Wheedle young and tender Maids
To Ruine, till they turned common Jades.
You Lie, (reply'd my hopeful graceleſs Dear)
I'll have you know, I'll never ſin in fear,
Beſides for ſhe of whom you think Amiſs,
That ſweet obliging Gentlewoman is
A tender-hearted Bawd that ne'er made Whore,
But ever us'd ſuch as were broke before.
Now finding her ſo bad at Seventeen,
Thinks I by that time ſhe has Thirty ſeen,
She'll be a Whore in Grain; but by good hap,
She dy'd within a Year of Pox and Clap.

The third Comfort of Cuckoldom.

IT was my Fortune to be joyn'd to one,
As pretty as was ſhin'd on by the Sun;
For on my Word her Eyes were full and gray,
With ruddy Lips, round Cheeks, her Forehead lay
Archt like a ſnowie Bank, which did uphold
Her natvie Treſſes, that did ſhine like Gold;
Her azure Veins, which with a well ſharp'd Noſe,
Her whiter Neck, broad Shoulders to compoſe;
A ſlender Waſte, a Body ſtrait and Tall,
With Swan-like Breaſts, long Hands, and Fingers ſmall,
Her Ivory Knees, her Legs were neat and clean,
A ſwelling Calf, with Ancles round and lean,
Her Inſteps thin, ſhort Heels, with even Toes,
A Sole moſt ſtrait, proportion'd Feet, ſhe goes
With modeſt Grace; but yet her Company,
I did not a Month enjoy, before that I
Was Preſt for Sea, and being on the Main,
For thirty Months I then return'd again,
Where finding in my abſence that my Wife
Three Brats had got, a moſt uneaſie Life;

Both Day and Night I led the lech'rous Whore;
Who seeing how I Curst, and Bann'd, and Swore,
A Bag or two she shew'd me cramm'd with Gold,
Which Treasure I no sooner did behold,
But then I Kist my loving Wife and leapt,
For very Gladness that my Horns were Tipt.

The fourth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

ABove a Year or two I always thought
My Wife so good that she cou'd not be naught,
Till one Night coming home I caught a Spark
Sat in my Parlor by her in the Dark,
In mighty Pet I call'd for Candles strait,
Doubting that I poor Fool was come too late:
T' avert the Burthen which is made to grow
On such who enters into Cuckolds-Row.
However as I was thinking of the best,
And as I nothing saw contented rest,
My am'rous Wife's Gallant, before he went,
Did shew enought' encrease my Disconten t
For he wou'd slily pull her Petticoat,
Nod, Wink, and put into her Hand a Note,
Whisper her in the Ear, or touch her Foot
With many other private Signs to boot,
All which confirm'd my Jealousie the more,
And made me think 'em to be Rogue and Whore,
But as I knew my Wife a bawling Slut,
My Horns into my Pocket did I put
For Quietness, which yet I seldom had,
So I thro' Cuckoldom run really Mad.

The fifth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

WHen I poor I unto a Wife was bound,
I wish I had been Bury'd under Ground,
For to my Grief I found her both before
And after Marriage too to be a Whore.
But when I found the Beast of such a Breed,
Soldier turn'd, and with a Baw'd agreed

To let her out at half a Crown a Week
Who undertook she shou'd not be too seek;
For Custom, but said, she must for her pains,
From th' insatiate Whore have double Gains.

The Sixth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

FInding my Wife by Whoring nothing get,
But to maintain her Sparks ran me in Debt;
Her Whoring gratis made me really vext,
So Shop I shut, and fled to *Holland* next.

The Seventh Comfort of Cuckoldom.

WHile I was but into the Country gone,
To give some Chapmen there the gentle Dun;
Mean time a Rubbers she with some had play'd,
And in the Powd'ring Tub was quickly laid,
Unknown to me, and had been secret still,
But that the Surgeon inlinging in his Bill
When I came Home, the Murder so came out,
And still my Wife is Whore enough I doubt.

The Eighth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

A sordid Lecher coming very old
To tempt my Spouse with Silver and with Gold,
She told me of't, and said, she cou'd not fawn,
On him, or's Gold, to lay her Soul in pawn.
By this I thought her Honest, till my maid
Inform'd me shortly what Lew'd Tricks she play'd
I Twitted then my Wife's Hypocrisie,
Who Impudently did Reply to me;
Old Flesh she Loath'd, as having in it left
No Gravy, and of all it's Juice bereft,
But if the Flesh was Young and to her mind,
She'd to one Dish would never be confin'd.

The Ninth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

BY my Dear Wife, in turning up her Tail
To bear the Threshing of her Gallant's Frail,
A Groat (which always is a Cuckold's Fee)
Under the Candlestick I've laid for me;

Besides good Peck and Booze, so till she's Dead,
She may and will Whore on to get me Bread.

The Tenth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

AS Strangers flatter'd with deceitful Snow,
Fall in a Deadly Pit they do not know,
So was I hamper'd in a Marriage Noose,
In Marrying one that did frequent the Stews,
As well as Cuckold me at Home; but she
Transacting Whoredom with great Secresie,
Like other Neighbours, to avoid the Name
Of Cuckold, I as private hid her shame.

The Eleventh Comfort of Cuckoldom.

WHen I found Cuckolds to Encrease apace,
I Marry'd one with such an Ugly Face
That one wou'd thought the Devil wou'd but grutch
So foul a Figure as my Wife to touch;
Yet being at a Friendly Club one Night,
A Raskal came and Cuckol'd me for spight.

The Twelfth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

WHat signifies a Man to fret and fume,
Till Grief and Sorrow makes his Flesh consume
Because his Wife in Actions may be light
And his Face will horn him Day and Night;
This Comfort may alleviate his Woe,
That Cuckold's without doubt to Heaven go.

The Thirteenth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

IF it's my Fate (I oftentimes would cry)
To have a Wife that will play wantonly,
I soon wou'd tame her, or at least I shou'd
Be Hang'd for her but I wou'd make her good.
But faith it is my Luck to light upon
Such Ware, that will a *Caterwoulling* run,
And cannot help it, for to have her full
Of sport, she's run away a Soldiers Trull.

The Fourteenth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

WHen at *Horn-Fair* I see how ev'ry Year
Whole droves of Cuckold's thither do appear

The very ſight thereof wou'd make one ſwear
That none but Cuckolds in the Nation were;
Eſpecially if thoſe who are not known
For Cuckolds too the Title wou'd but own,
And ſuch as are not ſummon'd would appear,
In thoſe Accoutrements we ought to wear,
VVhich are our Horns, a Pick-Axe and a Spade,
That Paths may for our VVives be even laid.

The Fifteenth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

IF that our wives will tick their Souls on Sin,
Tis vain to make about their Ears a din,
For that exaſperates their will the more,
And where in private may in publick whore;
So then the Scandal coming to all Ears,
Each Neighbour will not only fling his Jeers
Upon us, but the Boys will hoot us too,
And point their Fingers at us where we go,
As if we were not come of human Blood,
Becauſe they do perceive we've Horns to bud;
But to avoid ſo baſe and curſt a Life,
The only way's to Live without a wife.

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